

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
 Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
 (For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
 Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seal'd compact,
 Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
 Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands
 Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conquerour:
 Against the which a moiety competent
 Vvas gaged by our King, which had returne
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
 Had he bin vanquisht; as by the same co-mart,
 And carriage of the Articles designe;
 His fell to *Hamlet*: now fir, young *Fortinbrasse*,
 Of unimproved metall, hot, and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
 Sharkt up a list of lawlesse reſolutes,
 For food and diet to some enterpriſe
 That hath a stomacke in't, which no other
 As it doth well appeare unto our ſtate,
 But to recover of us by ſtrong hand
 And tearmes compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
 So by his father loſt: and this I take it
 Is the maine motive of our preparations,
 The ſource of this our watch, and the chiefe head
 Of this poſte haſte, and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but even ſo:
 VVell may it ſort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
 That was and is the queſtion of theſe warres.

Hora. A mote in is to trouble the mindes eye.
 In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,
 A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
 The graves ſtood tenantleſſe, and the ſheeted dead
 Did ſqueake and gibber in the Roman ſtreets,
 As ſtarres with traines of fire, and dewes of blood,
 Diſaſters in the ſunne, and the moiſt ſtarre,
 Upon whoſe influence *Neptunes* Empire ſtands,
 VVas ſicke almoſt to Doomeſday with eclipse,

And

Prince of Denmark

And even the like precurſe
 As harbingers preceding ſt
 And Prologue to the *Omen*
 Have heaven and earth tog
 Unto our Climates and

Enter

But ſoft, behold! lo where
 Ile croſſe it though it blaſt
 If thou haſt any ſound, or u
 Speake to me: if there be a
 That may to thee doe eaſe,
 Speake to me.
 If thou art privie to thy Co
 Which happely foreknowin
 O ſpeake:

Or if thou haſt uphoorded in
 Extorted treaſure in the wo
 For which they ſay your ſpi
 Speake of it, ſtay and ſpeak

Mar. Shall I ſtrike it wi

Hor. Doe it it will not ſta

Bar. 'Tis here.

Hor. 'Tis here.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

We doe it wrong, being ſo
 To offer it the ſhew of viol
 For it is as the aire, invulne
 And our vaine blowes malic

Bar. It was about to ſp

Hor. And then it ſtarted,

Upon a fearefull ſummons:
 The cocke, that is the trump
 Doth with his lofty and ſhr
 Awake the God of day; and
 Whether in ſea or fire, in ea
 Th'extravagant and erring ſ
 To his confine; and of the t
 This preſent object made pre